PARADISE LOST:

A

POEM:

Attempted in RHIME.

BOOK I.

Diſſolve me into Ecſtaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before my Eyes.
MILTON's Il Penſeroſo.

LONDON:

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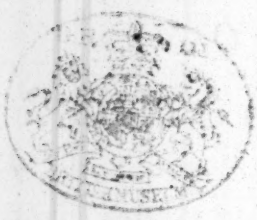
The ARGUMENT.

Man's Fall firſt touch'd, the Poet wings
With Speed into the mid'ſt of things:
Deſcribes the Fiends o'erwhelm'd, amaz'd,
In Hell where Tempeſts round them blaz'd;
Yet from the Flame no Light appear'd.
How Satan firſt his Head uprear'd.
His Speech, and Beelzebub's *Reply.*
They from the fiery Billows fly.
Their Lot deplor'd, Satan aloud,
Calls his fall'n Legions from the Flood;
His Voice once heard, with ſpeedy Wing
They half encloſe their grieſly King.
A Liſt of chief Infernal Pow'rs.
A Palace riſes from fluid Ores;
Fam'd Mulciber *the Structure fram'd.*
A ſolemn Council is proclaim'd.
In Conclave ſit the leading Fiends;
And here the Muſe her Flight ſuſpends.



PARADISE LOST.

OF Man's firſt Diſobedience, and Repaſt
On that forbidden Fruit, whoſe mortal Taſte
Brought Death into the World, and all our Woes,
With Loſs of *Eden*, till one greater roſe,
Reſtor'd us, and regain'd the bliſsful Seat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe; that in the veil'd Retreat,
On *Oreb*'s, or on *Sinai*'s Top, retir'd,
The Shepherd of the choſen Seed inſpir'd,
In the Beginning, taught him to diſcloſe,
How Heav'n and Earth from ancient Chaos roſe:
Or if *Sion*'s Hill, or *Silo*'s Brook, which flow'd
Faſt by the ſacred Oracle of God,
Yield more Delight, I thence thy Aid implore
To my advent'rous Song, that aims to ſoar
No middle Flight, but trackleſs Heights would chuſe
Above th' *Aönian* Mount, while it purſues
Wing'd with ſweet Harmony, in Strains ſublime,
Things unattempted yet, in Proſe or Rhime.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, Inſtruction pour,
Whoſe Temple is the upright Heart, and pure;
For thou was preſent at the Birth of Things,
And Dove-like ſat'ſt with mighty out-ſpread Wings,
Brooding the vaſt Abyſs, which pregnant grew,
O what in me is dark, illumine thou;
When low, raiſe, and ſupport my mounted Wing
In Flights as lofty as the Theme I ſing,
While I aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify God's Ways to Humane Senſe.
Say firſt, (for Heav'n hides nothing from thy View,
Nor the deep Tract of Hell,) what Motives drew
Our firſt grand Parents, in their happy State
With Heav'n's high Favour bleſt, to deviate
From their Creator, ſlighting his Command,
Save one Reſtraint, Lords of the Sea and Land?
Who firſt excited this Revolt ſo vile?
Th' infernal Serpent, he it was whoſe Guile
Out of Revenge, and Envy, drew aſide
The Mother of Mankind; what time his Pride
Caſt him from Heav'n, with all the Hoſt he ſway'd
Of Rebel Angels, weening by whoſe Aid
In Glory above his Angel Peers to vie
He truſted to have equall'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd, for his Ambition aim'd
At God, whoſe Throne and Dignity he claim'd,
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n, in evil Hour
With vain Attempt; he by Almighty Pow'r

Headlong

Headlong flaming from the Sky was thrown
With hideous Ruin, and Combuſtion down
To bottomleſs Perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine Chains, and Fire of Hell,
Who durſt againſt th' Omnipotent rebel.

With weary'd Wings, after their headlong Flight,
Nine times the Space that meaſures Day and Night
To mortal Men, his horrid Crew, and he,
Lay vanquiſh'd rolling in the fiery Sea,
Confounded though immortal; but his Lot
Reſerv'd him to more Wrath, for now the Thought
Both of loſt Bliſs, and laſting Pain, ſupplies
Freſh Torment, round he throws his baleful Eyes
That witneſs'd his diſmay'd, afflicted State,
Mix'd with obdurate Pride, and ſtedfaſt Hate,
And view'd at once as far as Angels ken,
The gloomy, waſteful, wild, and dreary Den,
A Proſpect horrible, all Sides entire
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from the Fire
A Darkneſs viſible, no Light did flow;
But only to diſcover Sights of Woe,
Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, no Home
For Peace and Reſt, where Hope can never come,
That comes to all, but Torture in its ſtead,
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed
With ever-burning Sulphur, unimpair'd:
Such Place eternal Juſtice has prepar'd

For

For theſe Rebellious; here their Priſon ordain'd
In utter Darkneſs, to ſuch Portion chain'd;
As far from God, and Light, and heav'nly Soul,
As from the Centre thrice to th' utmoſt Pole:
O how unlike the Place from whence he fell!
His fall'n Mates in throngs o'erwhelm'd in Hell
With flaming Floods, and Whirlwinds, ſoon he ſpy'd,
And in a fiery Tempeſt by his ſide
One next himſelf in Pow'r, and Crime, and nam'd
Long after *Beelzebub*, in *Judæa* fam'd,
To whom with Eyes intent, th' Arch-Foe to Man,
And thence in Heav'n call'd *Satan*, with bold Strain,
Breaking the horrid Silence thus began.

If thou be'ſt he, but O how fall'n, how chang'd!
From him, who in Heav'n's happy Regions rang'd,
Cloath'd with tranſcendent Brightneſs, and outſhone
Myriads, though bright; if he who leagu'd as one
With me, all Hopes, Thoughts, Counſels, equal ties,
And hazard in this glorious Enterprize,
Join'd with me once, whom Mis'ry now hath knit
In equal Ruin; thou ſee'ſt into what Pit,
From what height fall'n, ſo fierce his Thunder flew,
He prov'd the ſtronger: and till then who knew
The Force of thoſe dire Arms; yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent Victor's Rage may chooſe
Elſe to inflict, do I repent; and find
(No Change but outward Luſtre,) that fixt Mind

And high Diſdain from Senſe of Worth oppreſt,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to conteſt,
And to the fierce Contention, ſoon alarm'd,
Innumerable Force of Spirits arm'd,
Who durſt diſlike his Reign, my Cauſe eſpous'd,
And all his Pow'r, with adverſe Pow'r oppos'd,
And Heav'n's Plains with dubious Battle fill'd,
Which ſhook his Throne; what tho' we loſt the Field,
Th' unconquerable Will can never yield:
Immortal Hate, and Study of Revenge,
And Courage never to ſubmit, or cringe,
And what is elſe unvanquiſh'd, ſtill our Right;
That Glory never ſhall his Wrath or Might,
Extort from me; to ſue for Grace, and cow'r
With ſuppliant Knee, and deify his Pow'r,
Who lately (from this Arm and Terror free'd)
Doubted his Empire, that were mean indeed,
That were to fall below this fall'n Eſtate;
Our Strength, the Strength of Gods, is fixt by Fate,
And this Empyreal Subſtance can't decay,
Since through Experience of this late great Day,
In Arms not worſe, in Foreſight better far,
We may with more Succeſs, eternal War
By Force or Guile, unvanquiſh'd undergo,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in Exceſs of Joy,
Sole reigning, holds in Tyranny the Sky.

So

So ſpake th' Apoſtate, tho' in Pain ſevere,
Yet vaunting loud, but rack'd with deep Deſpair,
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon, his bold Compeer.

O PRINCE of num'rous Powers thron'd in Light,
Who led'ſt th' embattel'd Seraphim to Fight,
Whoſe dreadful Deeds made Heav'n's wide Champaining,
And ſore endanger'd their perpetual King,
Contending for the Empire of the Sky,
And put to proof his high Supremacy;
Whether by Strength, or Chance, or Fate, upheld?
Too well I ſaw, and rue the dreadful Field,
That with Defeat, and Overthrow, hath loſt
Us Heav'n and Glory; all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible Deſtruction periſh'd lie
As far as Gods, and heav'nly Natures, die;
For th' Mind, and Spirit, invincible remain,
And Vigour ſoon return'd renews its Reign,
Tho' our happy State in endleſs Miſery,
Be ſwallow'd up, and all our Glory die.
But what if he, our Conqueror, (I confeſs,
I fear he is Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch, could have o'erpower'd ſuch Force as our's)
Has left our Spirits entire, and all our Pow'rs,
To ſuffer ſtrongly, and our Pains ſupport,
That ſo we may ſuffice his vengeful Sport,
Or do him mightier Service, as his Thralls
By Right of War, or if his Buſineſs calls,

Here

Here in the Heart of Hell, to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the unform'd Mire;
What can it then avail us tho' we feel,
Strength unimpair'd, eternal Being, ſtill
To undergo eternal Puniſhment,
No Intermiſſion through the vaſt Extent?

Thus ended he; doubtful, half-terrify'd, (ply'd.
To whom with ſpeedy Words, th' Arch-Fiend re-
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is Wretchedneſs,
Doing, or ſuffering, but be ſure of this,
Our Taſk will be to Goodneſs oppoſite,
And ever to do ill, our ſole Delight;
Leſs grievous then, to thwart his ſov'reign Will,
Whom we reſiſt; but if his Wiſdom ſtill
Out of our Evil, any Good intend,
Our Labour muſt be, to pervert that End,
From pureſt Goodneſs, to draw Evil thence,
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perchance
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and ſuſpend,
His inmoſt Counſels, from their deſtin'd End.
But ſee, the angry Victor now reclaims
His vengeful Miniſters, and purſuing Flames,
Back to the Gates of Heav'n, the ſulphurous Blaze
Shot after us in Storms o'erblown, now lays,
The fiery Surge, that from the Verge's Brow
Of Heav'n receiv'd us fall'n; the Thunder too,
Wing'd with impetuous Rage, and Light'ning's blaſt,
Perhaps hath ſpent his Shafts, the boundleſs, waſte,

And gloomy Deep, with dreadful Bellowing torn,
Is now more calm; whither the Victors ſcorn,
Or ſatiate Fury, the Occaſion yield,
It ſerves alike; ſee'ſt yonder forlorn, wild,
And dreary Plain, ſad Deſolation's Seat;
Void of all Light, ſave Glimmerings, from the Heat
Of livid Flames, all pale and dreadful caſt;
From off theſe fiery Waves; we'll thither haſte,
There reſt, if Reſt inhabit ſuch a Coaſt,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted Hoſt,
Conſult how to offend, or to enſnare
Our Foe, and how our own ſad Loſs repair,
To vanquiſh theſe deep Woes, what Hope ſupplies,
Or what Reſolves from our Deſpair may riſe.

Thus *Satan* to his Mate, with Head uprais'd
Above the Wave, and Eyes that ſparkling blaz'd,
His other Parts at large, prone on the Flood,
Lay floating, and extended many a Rood,
In Bulk as huge, as whom the Fables name,
Of monſtrous Size, *Titans* of ancient Fame;
Or whom the Den, by ancient *Tarſus*, held,
(By *Jove*'s red Bolts, and *Pæan*'s Arrows quell'd,)
Vaſt *Typhon*, or *Briareus*, who ſtrove,
Earth-born, to ſway the Heav'ns, and warr'd on *Jove*;
Or that Sea-Beaſt *Leviathan*, which God
Of all his Works, that ſwim the Ocean Flood,
Created hugeſt; him in Slumbers lying
Upon the *Norway* Foam, ſome Pilot ſpying,

Directs his ſmall Night-founder'd Skiff that way,
Deeming ſome Iſland oft, (as Seamen ſay,)
And with fix'd Anchor in his ſcaly Hide,
Moors in imagin'd Safety, by his Side;
While gloomy Night inveſts the murm'ring Sea,
And the wiſh'd Morn delays her cheering Ray,
So ſtretch'd out huge, in length th' Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake. Nor ever more
Had ris'n, or heav'd his Head, but that the Pow'r,
And high Permiſſion, of the Will divine,
Left him at large, to ev'ry dark Deſign,
That with reiterated Crimes, he might
Heap on himſelf Damnation, whilſt his Spite
Still aim'd at others, and enrag'd might ſee,
How all his Malice ſerv'd to magnify
Infinite Goodneſs, Grace, and Mercy ſhowr'd
On Man, by him ſeduc'd; t' himſelf procur'd,
Treble Confuſion, Wrath, and Vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith from off the Pool, upright he rais'd
His mighty Stature, Fires that round him blaz'd,
Each Hand repell'd, which roll'd in many a Spire,
In Billows from the horrid Vale retire.
Then with expanded Wings his Flight does ſteer,
Aloft incumbent on the duſky Air,
That feels unuſual Weight; to Land adjourn'd,
He lights; if it were Land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid Flame;
And ſuch in hue, as when a furious Stream

Of ſubterranean Wind, a Hill whirls up,
Torn from *Peloras*, or the ſhatter'd Top
Of *Ætna*, whoſe combuſtible, hot, dire,
And fewel'd Entrails, thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with mineral Fury, aids the Blaſt,
And leaves a ſinged Bottom, all o'ercaſt
With Stench, and Smoke. Such reſting found the Sole
Of unbleſt Feet; he and his Mate extol
Their Glory, to have ſcap'd the *Stygian* Floods,
And by their own recover'd Strength, as Gods,
Not by his Suff'rance, in the bleſt Abodes.
MUST here Immortals waſte eternal time,
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, that by Doom,
We now muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful Gloom,
For that celeſtial Light; be't ſo, ſince he,
Who Sov'reign reigns, diſpoſing can decree,
What ſhall be right; fartheſt is beſt from him,
Whom Reaſon equal'd, Force hath made Supreme,
Above his Equals; happy Fields farewell,
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal World, and Hell's profoundeſt Deeps,
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor, one who keeps
A Mind, not to be chang'd, by Place, or Time,
The Mind is its own Sphere, of Pow'r ſublime,
To make Heav'n Hell, and Hell a Heav'n ſupreme.
What matters where, if I be ſtill the ſame,

And what I ſhould be, ſave by him depreſs'd,
Whom Thunder hath made greater, here at leaſt,
We ſhall be free; for here the Victor Prince,
Built not for Envy, will not drive us hence,
Here we may reign ſecure, and who can tell,
But Reigning 's worth Ambition, tho' in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than Heav'n obey:
But wherefore let we theſe beneath our Sway,
Th' Aſſociates of our Loſs, and hapleſs Dole,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to this unhappy Shore,
To ſhare with us this Manſion; or once more,
To try what may be yet, with rally'd Hoſt,
Regain'd in Heav'n, in Hell, what more be loſt.
Thus *Satan* ſpoke; and *Beelzebub* reply'd:
Leader of Armies bright, in Battle try'd,
Whom none but the Omnipotent could foil;
That Voice once heard, ſo oft in Dangers, toil,
And worſt Extremities, their livelieſt Pledge
Of cheerful Hope, and on the perilous Edge
Of raging Battle, and Aſſault, their main,
And ſureſt Signal; they will ſoon regain
New Courage, and revive; and ſtrait forſake,
Their proſtrate Grov'ling on yon fiery Lake:
As we erewhile, amaz'd, and 'ſtoniſh'd quite.
No wonder; fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.
He ceas'd; while *Satan* from the ſinged Field
Was moving towards the Shore; his pond'rous Shield

Ætherel

Æthereal Temper, maſſy, ſtrongly bound,
Behind him caſt, the ample ſhining round,
Hung o'er his Shoulders, and like *Luna* ſhew'd,
Whoſe Orb, through Optic Glaſs, ſome Artiſt view'd,
Who on *Feſole's* Brow, by night oft ſtands,
Or in *Valderno*, to deſcry new Lands,
Or Rivers, in her Globe, or Mountains rear'd:
His Spear, to which the talleſt Pine, compar'd,
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, the Maſt ordain'd,
Of ſome great Admiral, were but a Wand
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy Feet
Over the burning Marle; unlike the ſweet
Heav'n's Azure Walks; beſides the Clime all o'er
Vaulted with pendant Fire ſmote on him ſore,
Yet he endur'd, till on the Beach he ſtood
Of that enflamed Sea, and call'd aloud
His Legions, Angel-Forms, intranc'd below,
Thick as autumnal Leaves, the Waters ſtrow,
In *Vallombroſa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shade,
High-arch'd embow'rs, or Sedge a-floating ſtray'd,
When *Orion*, arm'd with Winds, that fiercely blew,
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea Coaſt, whoſe Waves o'erthrew
Buſiris, and his *Memphian* Hoſt ſubdu'd,
While with perfidious Hatred, they purſu'd
The Sojourners of *Goſhen*, who might ſpy,
Safe from the Shore, their floating Bodies lie,
And broken Chariot-wheels; ſo thick beſtrow'd,
Abject, and loſt, lay thoſe covering the Flood,

Under

Under Amazement, of their hideous Fall:
The hollow Deep reſounded, at his Call,
So loud he call'd; ye Princes, Warriors, Pow'rs,
And all the Flow'r of Heav'n, now loſt, once your's,
Can ſuch Aſtoniſhment, as this, debaſe,
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this Place,
After the Toils of Battle, to repoſe
Your weary'd Virtue, or in eaſe propoſe
To ſlumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or have ye ſworn, thus low, and abject, driv'n,
T' adore the Conqueror, who ſees o'erthrow'd,
Cherub, and Seraph, rolling in the Flood,
With ſcatter'd Arms, and Enſigns, till his bold,
And ſwift Purſuers, from Heav'n Gates behold
Th' Advantage, and deſcending tread us down,
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunder thrown,
Tranſfix us to the Bottom of this Deep.
Awake, ariſe, or ever grov'ling ſleep.
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and ſpurn'd the Flood,
Sprung on the Wing; as Men who watching ſtood
On Duty, found aſleep, with Terror ſhake,
Rouſe, and beſtir themſelves, ere well awake.
In fierceſt Pains, to evil Plight betray'd,
Yet to their General's Voice, they ſoon obey'd;
Innumerable. As under *Moſes'* ſway,
The potent Rod, in *Egypt's* evil Day,
Wav'd round the Coaſt, a pitchy Cloud conſign'd
Of Locuſts, warping on the Eaſtern Wind,

That

That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* lowr'd,
Like Night, and Darkneſs o'er the Regions pour'd.
So theſe bad Angels, numberleſs to tell,
Hovering on Wing, under the Cope of Hell,
That upper, nether, and ſurrounding, blaz'd,
Till as a Signal giv'n, the Spear uprais'd
Of their great Sultan, waving where to bend
Their Courſe, in even Ballance they deſcend,
On the firm Brimſtone, and fill all the Plain:
A Multitude; like which, the Northern Reign
Pour'd never from her Loins, to paſs the Flood,
Of *Rhene*, or *Danaw*, when her barb'rous Brood,
Delug'd the South, and rolling on, expands,
Beneath *Gibraltar*, to the *Lybian* Sands.
Forthwith the Chiefs, and Leaders, and renown'd,
From ev'ry Band, and Squadron, gather round
Their great Commander; Godlike Forms, each ſoars,
Above all humane; Dignities, and Pow'rs,
And princely Shapes, who erſt with Glory crown'd,
Fill'd heav'nly Thrones, but nameleſs now, diſown'd
And blotted out, for their rebellious Strife,
From Heav'n's Memorial, and the Book of Life.
Nor had they yet, from thoſe of humane Birth,
Acquir'd new Names, till wand'ring o'er the Earth,
Through God's high Suff'rance, to try Man's Heart,
By Falſities, and Lyes, the greateſt Part
Of Men corrupted fell, from God, and Light,
Of their great Maker; and th' inviſible, bright,

Glory

Glory of their Creator, often turn'd,
To lifeleſs Images, of Brutes, adorn'd
With gay Religion, Gold, and Pomp, all o'er,
And Devils, for their Deities adore.
Then Idols bore their Names, by Men invok'd,
And through the Heathen World their Altars ſmok'd.
Say Muſe, who firſt, who laſt, their Names diſcloſe,
From Slumbers on the fiery Couch aroſe?
As next in worth, their Emperor's Call obey'd,
Came ſingly to the Strand, on which he ſtay'd?
While the promiſcuous Croud, aloof remain'd:
The Chief were thoſe, who from Hell's Pit unchain'd,
Roaming for Prey, on Earth fix'd their Abode,
Long after boldly, near the Seat of God,
Their Altars, by his Altars, Gods ador'd,
Among the Nations round, and fierce endur'd,
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often found
Enſhrin'd within his Temple, whence there ſprings
Abomination; and with curſed things,
His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts, profan'd,
And his fair Light, with their foul Darkneſs, ſtain'd.
Firſt *Moloch*, horrid King, whom Blood beſmears
Of humane Sacrifice, and Parents Tears,
Tho' the loud Drum, and Timbrel's Sound conſpire,
To drown their Childrens Cries, who paſs'd through
Fire

To his grim Idol; him adoring, own'd,
The *Ammonite*, in *Rabba*'s humid Bound,
In *Argob*, and in *Baſan*, to the Stream
Of utmoſt *Arnon*; nor content with them
Audacious Neighbourhoods, the Heart beguil'd,
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build
His Temple, right oppos'd to Gods above,
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove,
The Vale of *Hinnom*; hence was *Tophet* feign'd,
And black *Gehenna*, Type of Hell retain'd.
Chemos came next, the *Mo'bite*'s Dread, obſcene,
From *Aroar*, to *Nebo*, and the Plain
Of *Abarim*; in *Heſbon*, confin'd
On *Heronaim*, *Seon*'s Realm, behind
The flowery Dale in *Sibma*'s verdant Rule,
And *Eleale*, to th' *Aſphaltic* Pool;
Enticing *Iſrael*, *Peor* his other Name,
Ador'd in *Sittim*, as from *Nile* they came,
With many a wanton Rite, which coſt them Woe,
Yet thence his luſtful Orgies ampler grew,
Stretch'd to that ſhameful Hill, and Grove, the Seat
Of *Moloch* Homicide! Luſt faſt by Hate!
Till good *Joſiah* drove to Hell the Brood:
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring Flood,
Of old *Euphrates*, to the Brook whoſe Streams,
Egypt from *Syria* parts, with gen'ral Names
Of *Baalim*, and *Aſhtaroth*, Female theſe
Thoſe maſculine; for Spirits when they pleaſe,

Can

Can either Sex aſſume, or both procure,
So uncompounded, is their Eſſence pure,
All Manacles of Joint, or Limb, diſowns,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
Like cumb'rous Fleſh, but to all ſhapes inur'd,
Condens'd, dilated, brighten'd, or obſcur'd,
Can execute with eaſe, their airy Will,
And Works of Love, or Enmity fulfill.
For theſe the Race of *Iſrael* oft eſkew'd,
Their living Strength, and unfrequented ſtood
His righteous Altar; lowly they did bow,
To beſtial Gods, for which their Heads as low,
Bow'd down in Battle, ſunk before the Spear
Of deſpicable Foes; with theſe drew near
Aſtoreth, whom *Phœnician* Name adorn'd,
Aſtarté, Queen of Heav'n, and Creſcent horn'd,
To whoſe bright Image *Sidon*'s Virgins choſe,
In Songs by Moonlight, to addreſs their Vows;
In *Sion* alſo, not unſung, where blaz'd
Her Temple, on th' offenſive Mountain rais'd
By that uxorious King, whoſe Heart tho' arm'd
Yet fell, by fair Idolatreſſes charm'd,
To Idols foul; *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual Wound, in *Lebanon* inclin'd
The *Syrian* Damſels, to lament away,
In amorous Ditties, a long Summer's Day;
While from his native Rock, *Adonis* flow'd,
In Purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with Blood

Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded; the Love-Tale,
No leſs on *Sion*'s Daughters did prevail,
Whoſe wanton Paſſion, when *Ezekiel* view'd,
Within the ſacred Porch, in Viſion ſhew'd,
He ſaw th' Idolatries, and gloomy Deeds,
Of alienated *Judah*; next ſucceeds,
One really griev'd, the Ark when Captive led,
Vex'd his brute Image, lopt of Hands, and Head,
In his own Temple, on the Grundſel maim'd,
Where he fell flat, and his Adorers ſham'd:
Dagon his Name, Sea-monſter! downward ran
A Fiſh's Tail, upward reſembl'd Man.
Yet rear'd in *Azotus*, his Temple ſhone
Dreaded in *Paleſtine*, *Gath*, *Aſcalon*,
And *Accaron*, and *Gaza*, bord'ring round;
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whoſe delightful Bound
Was fair *Damaſcus*, on whoſe fertile Side,
The *Abbana*, and *Pharphar*, lucid glide.
He boldly the infernal Cauſe maintain'd,
And for a Leper loſt a Monarch gain'd
Ahaz, his ſottiſh Conqueror, whom he drove
God's Altar to diſparage, and remove
For one of *Syrian* Mode, whereon ſhould ſmoke
His odious Off'rings, vainly to invoke
Thoſe Gods he vanquiſh'd. After theſe came on
A Crew, who under Names of old Renown,
Oſiris, *Iſis*, *Orus*, introduc'd
In monſtrous Shapes, with Sorceries ſeduc'd

Fanatick

Fanatick *Egypt*, and her Prieſts, who priz'd
Theſe wand'ring Gods, in brutiſh Forms diſguis'd;
Th' Infection too, on *Iſrael* taking hold,
They form'd the *Oreb* Calf, with borrow'd Gold,
Whoſe Rebel-King erring, ſtill further ran
Doubl'd that Crime in *Bethel*, and in *Dan*,
And with the grazed Ox his Maker claſs'd
Jehovah, who in one Night when he paſs'd
From *Egypt* marching, ſmote and made no odds,
Between her Firſt-born, and her bleating Gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a Fiend more lewd
Fell not from Heav'n, or groſslier purſu'd
Vice for it ſelf, he had no Altar rear'd,
Nor Temple built, yet ofter who repair'd
To Temples, and to Altars, he inſtill'd
The Prieſts with Atheiſm; *Eli*'s Sons thus fill'd
The ſacred Houſe of God with luſtful Stains,
In Courts and Palaces he alſo reigns,
In Cities too, where Noiſe, and Riot ſoars
Luxuriant, above their loftieſt Tow'rs,
With Injury, and Outrage; when Night once
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, fluſh'd with Wine, and Foes to Right,
Witneſs the Streets of *Sodom*; and that Night
In *Gibeah*, when the hoſpitable Houſe
Expos'd the Matron to preſerve her Spouſe.

THESE were the Prime, by Might and Order
The reſt were long to tell, tho' far renown'd; (crown'd,

Ionian

Ionian Gods of *Javan*'s Iſſue thoſe,
Yet after Heav'n, and Earth, their Parents roſe:
Titan Heav'n's Firſt-born, with his monſtrous Brood
And Birth-right ſeiz'd, to younger *Saturn* bow'd,
He from mightier *Jove* like Fate ſuſtain'd
His own and *Rhea*'s Son, uſurping reign'd.
Theſe firſt in *Crete*, and flow'ry *Ida*, own'd,
Thence on *Olympus*' ſnowy Top, enthron'd
Rul'd upper Air, the higheſt Heav'n of *Jove*,
Or *Delphian* Cliff, or in *Dodona*'s Grove;
And through the utmoſt Bounds of *Doric* ſway;
Or who with *Saturn* fled o'er *Adria*,
To the *Heſperian* Field, where Nature ſmiles
And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd th' utmoſt Iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking, but with dampt
And downcaſt Looks, yet ſuch wherein were ſtampt
Obſcure, ſome Glimpſe of Joy, to find their Chief
Not in deſpair, and to have found Relief
In Loſs itſelf, which on his Viſage caſt
Like doubtful Hue; his wonted Pride at laſt
He recollects, and with high Words that pleas'd
By ſeeming Worth, not Subſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting Courage, and their Fears appeas'd.
Then ſtrait Commands when warlike Sounds are heard
Of Trumpets loud, and Clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty Standard; that proud Honour all
To *Azazel* reſign, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff let's fly
Th' Imperial Enſign, which advanc'd on high,

Wav'd

Wav'd like a Meteor, ſtreaming in the Wind
With Gemms and golden Luſtre; richly ſhin'd
Seraphick Arms and Trophies; whilſt all round
Sonorous Metal breath'd a martial Sound,
At which the univerſal Hoſt upſent
A Shout that all Hell's glowing Concave rent,
And through old Night, and Chaos, dreadful went.
All in a moment, through the Gloom appear'd
Ten thouſand Banners in the Air uprear'd
With orient Colours waving: with them roſe
A Foreſt huge, of Spears, and helmed Brows,
With beaming ſerry'd Shields, thick interwove,
Of Depth immeaſurable; anon they move
In perfect Phalanx, to the *Dorian* Lays
Of Flutes, and ſoft Recorders, ſuch as raiſe
To nobleſt Temper; ſo old Heroes ſage,
Arm'd them to Battle, and inſtead of Rage
Deliberate Valour breath'd, unmov'd by Threat
Of dreadful Death, to Flight, or foul Retreat.
Nor wants th' aſſwaging Power to diſpell
With ſolemn Touches troubled Thoughts, and quell
Anguiſh, Doubt, and Sorrow, and Diſmay,
In mortal, or immortal Minds: thus they
With fixed Thoughts, and Force united arm'd,
Mov'd on in Silence, to ſoft Pipes, which charm'd
Their painful Steps o'er the burnt Soil; and now
They ſtand a horrid Front, advanc'd in view
Of dreadful Length, with dazling Arms, beheld
Like Warriors old, with order'd Spear, and Shield,

Waiting to know their mighty Chief's Commands:
His Eye expert, darts through the armed Bands,
With quick Traverſe, the whole Battalion view'd,
Like Gods their Order, Viſage, Stature, ſhew'd,
Their Number then he ſumms, his Heart at length
Diſtends with Pride, he glories in his Strength.
For never ſince created Man, appear'd
A congregated Force, with theſe compar'd
Could merit more than that ſmall Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes; tho' th' Giant Progeny
Of *Phlegra*, with th' Heroic Race combin'd,
Who fought at *Thebes*, and *Ilium*, and were join'd
With their auxiliar Gods; or what is told
In Fable, or Romance, of *Arthur* bold,
Begirt with *Britiſh*, or *Armoric* Knights;
And all who ſince, Chriſtian, or *Ethnic* Wights,
Jouſted in *Montalban*, or *Aſpramont*,
Damaſcus, or *Morocco*, or *Trebiſond*,
Or whom *Biſerta*, ſent from *Afric*'s Coaſt,
When *Charlemain*, and all his Peers, were loſt
By *Fontarabia*. Thus far theſe beyond
All mortal Pow'rs; yet all obſervant, own'd
Their dread Commander. He their Preſident,
In Shape, and Geſture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a Tow'r; his Form, altho' impair'd
Retain'd a Glimpſe of Brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-angel ruin'd, the full Blaze
Of Glory obſcur'd; as the Sun's riſing Face

Looks

Looks through the horizontal misty Air,
Shorn of his Beams, or hid by *Luna*'s Sphere
In dim Eclipse, disast'rous Twilight flings
O'er half the Nations, and perplexes Kings
With Fear of Change. So darken'd, yet outshone
Them all th' Arch-Angel. But his Face the Throne
Of Pride, and Passion, wore the Thunder's Scar
In horrid Trenches seen, and low'ring Care
Sate on his faded Cheeks, but under Brows
Where pond'ring Pride, and dauntless Courage glows,
Waiting Revenge: Cruel his Eye, but shew'd
Signs of Remorse, and Passion, when he view'd
Th' Partners, rather Followers of his Crime,
(Far other once before commencing time
Beheld in Bliss) condemn'd for ever now
To gnawing Pain, uninterrupted Woe.
Millions of Spirits amerc'd the Sky, who clung
To him, and from eternal Splendor flung
By his Revolt, how loyal in extreme
Of wither'd Glory. As when Heav'n's Flame
Hath scath'd the Mountain-Pines, or Forest-Oaks,
Which sing'd, and bare, yet stand with stately Looks
Upon the blasted Heath. And now th' Arch-Fiend
In Act to speak, their double Ranks they bend
From Wing, to Wing; now half enclos'd about
With all his Peers, Attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice (tho' scorn'd) as fast
Tears such as Angels weep burst forth, at last

Words intervove with Sighs, found out their way,
And thus he ſpake to all beneath his ſway.
Myriads of Pow'rs, Heirs of immortal Life,
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty, and that Strife
Was not inglorious, tho' his dire Revenge
This Place may witneſs, and this diſmal Change,
Hateful to utter; but what Pow'r of Mind
(Tho' fill'd with piercing Inſight moſt refin'd,)
Foreſeeing, or preſaging, from the Stream
Of Knowledge, paſt or preſent, e'er could deem
How ſuch united Force of Gods, could bow
As ſtood like theſe, or ever fall thus low.
For who can yet believe, tho' after Foil,
That all theſe puiſſant Legions, whoſe Exile
Hath empty'd Heav'n, ſhall fail again to fly
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native Sky.
For me, be witneſs all the heav'nly Hoſt,
If different Councils, or Advantage loſt
By me, have loſt our Hopes; but he, inur'd
To reign in Heav'n, till then, as one ſecur'd
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old Repute,
Conſent, or Cuſtom, reigning abſolute;
But ſtill his Strength concealing from us all,
Which tempted our Revolt, and wrought our Fall.
Henceforth his Might, and ours, we know ſo far
As neither to provoke, or dread new War
By him provok'd; our better Part the while
To work in cloſe Deſign, by Fraud or Guile

What

What Force effected not; ſo ſhall he know,
That Force alone o'ercomes but half the Foe.
Space may produce new Worlds, whereof among
The heav'nly Pow'rs, Fame utter'd that ere long
He would create, and therein ſhould be rear'd
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the peopl'd Sky;
Thither ſhall be perhaps (if but to ſpy)
Our firſt Eruption; there or elſewhere found,
This dark infernal Pit, ſhall never bound
Celeſtial Spirits, nor this Abyſs vaſt
Long ſhroud with Darkneſs: but theſe Thoughts in haſte
Full Counſel muſt mature, Peace we deſpair,
For who can brook Submiſſion? War, then War
Open or underſtood, we muſt purſue,
With hopes of Vengeance, and of Victory too.
ALOUD he ſpoke, and all the deſp'rate Crew
Approv'd, and to confirm his Words out-flew
Millions of flaming Swords, whoſe vivid Rays
Broke through the Darkneſs, and with ſudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell; the Fiends blaſpheme
With ten-fold Rage, and braving the Supreme
Claſh'd on their Shields; the Din of War was high,
Hurling Defiance tow'rds the vaulted Sky.
THERE ſtood a Hill, whoſe grieſly Top belch'd Fire,
And rolling Smoke, the reſt all ſhone entire

With glossy Scurf, undoubted Signal bore,
That in her Womb was hid metallic Ore.
The Work of Sulphur; thither swift repairs
A vast Brigade. As Bands of Pioniers
Fore-run a Camp, and Spade, and Pick-ax wield
To cast a Rampart, or to trench a Field.
Mammon a gloomy Spirit led them on,
The least erected Fiend from Heav'n cast down;
For even in Bliss, his downcast Looks explore
The shining Metal, still admiring more
The Riches of Heav'n's Pavement, trodden Gold,
Than aught his inward Eyes could e'er behold
In Vision beatific; he taught Men first
Suggested by like avaritious Thirst,
To ransack Nature, and profane their Birth,
Rifling the Bowels of their Mother Earth,
For Treasures better hid; his Crew soon found
The Veins of Ore, op'ning a spacious Wound
They digg'd out Ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That Riches grow in Hell, that Soil of Fire
Merits the precious Bane; and here let such
Who boast in mortal things, and Wonders vouch
Of *Babel*, and the Work of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how the greatest Monument that springs
From Strength, or Art, is easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, performing soon
What Ages with incessant Toils repeat,
And Hands innumerable scarce compleat.

In many Cells prepar'd, nigh on the Plains
Where underneath ran liquid fiery Veins
Sluic'd from the Lake, other swift Bands explore
And find with wond'rous Art, the massy Ore,
Scum off the Dross, and sever each Compound;
While others form'd as soon within the Ground
A various Mould, and from the boiling Cells
Each hollow Nook by strange Conveyance fills.
As Wind in th' Organ, which one Blast bequeaths,
To many a Row of Pipes, the Soundboard breathes.
Anon a Fabrick huge, out of the Ground
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies, and Voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, with Pilasters neat
All round, and *Doric* Pillars, overlaid
With golden Architrave, nor wants the Shade
Of Cornice, or of Freeze, where Sculptures shone,
The Roof was fretted Gold; not *Babylon*,
Nor *Cairo*, so magnificent did shine
In all their Glory, *Belus* to enshrine
Or *Serapis*, their Gods, or Kings enthrone,
When *Egypt*, vying with *Assyria*, shone
In Luxury and Wealth. The liquid Ores
Stood fixt, aspiring high, and strait the Doors
Opening their golden Folds discover wide
Within the ample Spaces; smooth subside
The level Pavement; from the Roof does glow
Pendant by subtil Magic, many a Row

Of ſtarry Lamps, and blazing Creſſets fed
With *Naphtha*, and *Aſphalt*, which Luſtre ſhed
As from a Sky. The Multitude amaz'd
Enter'd admiring, and the Work ſome prais'd,
And ſome the Architect; his Hand was known
In Heav'n, by many a Structure of Renown,
Where reſident, the ſcepter'd Angels beam,
And ſit as Princes, whom the King ſupreme
Exalted high in Pow'r to rule in Light,
Each in his Hierarchy, their Orders bright.
Nor was his Name unheard, but Worſhip claim'd
In ancient *Greece*, and in *Auſonia*; nam'd
By Mortals *Mulciber*, and how caſt down
From Heav'n, they fabl'd by *Jove*'s Anger thrown
Sheer o'er the Cryſtal Battlements; impell'd,
His Fall from Morn till dewy Ev'ning held,
A Summer's Day, and with *Sol*'s ſetting Carr
Dropt from the *Zenith*, like a falling Star
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Iſle; thus Fame relates
Erring; for he with his rebellious Mates
Fell long before; not all his high-built Tow'rs
That blaz'd in Heav'n, a Subterfuge ſecures,
Nor helpt his Engines, headlong down he fell
With his induſtrious Crew, to build in Hell.
Mean while commanded by their Chief, outflew
The winged Heralds, and their Trumpets blew,
Proclaiming awful through the num'rous Field,
A ſolemn Council, forthwith to be held

At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
Of *Satan*, and his Peers: their Summons call
From ev'ry Band, and Regiment, who ſhone
By Place, or Choice the worthieſt; they anon
In Troops, with Hundreds, and with Thouſands wait
Attended: all Acceſs was throng'd, the Gate
And Porches wide, but chief the Hall infold
(Tho' like a cover'd Field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the *Soldan*'s ſide
The beſt of *Panim* Chivalry defy'd
To mortal Combat, or with Lance or Spear,)
Thick Swarms, both on the Ground, and in the Air
Bruſh'd with the Hiſs of ruſtling Wings, as Bees
In Spring-time, when the Sun with *Taurus* flies,
Pour forth their populous Youth, about their Hive's
In Cluſters; they among freſh Dews, and Flow'rs
Fly to, and fro, or on the ſmooth Plank dwell,
The Suburb, of their Straw-built Citadel
New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and conclude
Their State-Affairs. So thick the airy Croud
Swarm'd, and were ſtraiten'd; till the Signal giv'n,
Behold a Wonder! theſe Exiles of Heav'n
Ere while in bulk above Earth's giant Race,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt Dwarfs, in narrow Space
Throng numberleſs: like thoſe Pygmean Wights
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or fairy Sprites,
Whoſe Midnight Revels under open Skies
Near Fount, or Foreſt, ſome late Peaſant ſpies,

Or dreams he ſpies, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitreſs, and nearer Earth wheels on
In her pale Courſe, they on their mirthful Cheer
Intent, dance on, while Muſick charms his Ear,
His Heart rebounds at once, with Joy, and Fear.
Thus incorporeal Spirits Immenſe, reſtrain'd
Their Forms to ſmalleſt Size, and were contain'd
Tho' without number, in the Manſion wide,
Of that infernal Court. But high preſide
In full Dimenſions, tho' with Glory dim
The great Seraphick Lords, and Cherubim.
In cloſe Receſs, and ſecret Conclave hold,
A Thouſand Demi-Gods on Seats of Gold,
Frequent and full; ſhort Silence then fore-ran,
And Summons read, the great Conſult began.

The End of the Firſt Book.